

Established
1887

Mount Vernon Signal.

Published Every
Friday

VOLUME XVII.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1904.

NUMBER 17.

THE GREATEST SLAUGHTER

Ever placed before the people of Rockcastle county, of
Up-to-date new goods, you can always find actual
Bargains of sound clean stuff.

BOYS SUITS

Worth \$1.25; Now at 75cts.
Worth \$2.00; Now at \$1.35.
Worth \$3.00; Now at \$2.00.
Worth \$4.00; Now at \$3.00.

LADIES SKIRTS

All of our 75c Skirts; Now at 50c.
Our \$1.25 Skirts; Now at \$1.00.

SKIRTS

\$2.00
\$2.50
\$3.50
\$5.00

MEN'S SUITS

Worth \$5.50; Now at \$4.00.
Worth \$6.50; Now at \$5.00.
Worth \$7.50; Now at \$6.00.
Worth \$10.00; Now at \$7.50.
Worth \$14.00; Now at \$11.50.

OUR \$5

Skirts are as good as those you
pay \$8.00 and \$10.00 for in
the city, save train fair.

All Our Winter Dress Goods

Worth 15c. per yard; Now at 10c. We handle the finest
line of Dress goods in town. Come and you will all go away
satisfied that you are profited by coming.

KRUEGER & SONS,

MT. VERNON, KY.

Opposite Depot, Near Postoffice.

HERE Are Some Of my Best Offers. READ THEM:

Cosmopolitan, 1 y.r. \$1.00; Frank Leslie's Monthly, 1 y.r. \$1.00. My
Club price for both, \$1.25.
Everybody's 1 y.r. \$1.00; Leslie's (or Cosmopolitan) 1 y.r. \$1.00. My
Club price for both \$1.25.
Review of Reviews, 1 y.r. \$2.50; Success, 1 y.r. \$1.00; Everybody's (or
Cosmopolitan), 1 y.r. \$1.00. My Club price for all three, \$3.00.

THESE are only a few. If you don't see what you want
send me your list, and I will give you a Cut-rate Club
offer.

McKENZIE BROWN

Write for my Catalogue.

BRODHEAD.

Mrs. R. S. Martin is on the sick
list.

Walter Hunt was very sick Monday
night, with chills.

Alex Tyree is at home on account of the illness of his wife.

J. F. Watson was called to see his brother the first of the week.

Prof. Dickerson opened school Monday with a good attendance.

W. H. Pettus has returned and took charge of the day office again.

Mrs. Farris, of Crab Orchard, was the guest of Mrs. Robt. Colyer last week.

J. R. Cass went to Crab Orchard Wednesday to take charge of that office for six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Durham have returned from a visit to their old home in Casey county.

Mrs. Emma Wilmot and daughter, Mattie, are visiting Mrs. Walter Miller at Livingston.

Mrs. Bettie Brooks left Monday for several weeks' visit to London, Knoxville and Lafallette.

Vic Owens passed through town the other day with a great big smile on his face as usual.

Mrs. Ellen Mahaffey and Robt. Hamm are visiting Mrs. Galen Rogers, at Crab Orchard.

Geo. Owens, of the Freedom neighborhood, has rented a room and will open a butcher shop at Livingston.

Mr. Reed, quite an interesting gentleman, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Cherry from Saturday until Monday.

W. M. Francisco and Bradford Albright have consolidated their marble works. They are splendid workmen and are putting out lots of nice jobs.

A VEST POCKET DOCTOR

Never in the way, no trouble to carry, easy to take, pleasant and never failing in results are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. A vial of these little pills in the vest pocket is a certain guarantee against headache, biliousness, torpid liver and all of the ills resulting from constipation. They tonic and strengthen the liver. Sold at Chas. C. Davis' drug store.

The bones of a man eleven feet in height were unearthed in Nevada.



LEVEL GREEN

(Good Roads No. 1.)

In my last letter to the SIGNAL I promised your readers to begin with this issue a series of articles on the road question. I will say that I don't want to become monotonous, neither do I wish to be called a "crank," but I want to proclaim the "words of truth and soberness" to honest thinking minds (i.e.) I want to sow some "good road" seed upon the soil, so that in due time we may reap an abundant harvest. Now friends, brothers, countrymen, you will all admit without argument, that the roads of Rockcastle are not only bad but very bad in some places almost impossible for wagons or even any mode of travel. You must admit that "bad roads" constitute the greatest drawback to country life, you will admit that the farmers constitute the "bone and sinew of Rockcastle, and that for the lack of good roads they suffer more than any other class." It is unnecessary therefore for us to discuss now the benefits to be derived from good roads as all are so familiar with the other kind that that part of the matter argues its own side.

Suffice it now to say, that those localities where good roads have been built are becoming richer, more prosperous and more thickly settled, while those which do not possess these advantages are either at a stand still or are becoming poorer and more thinly settled driving our most prosperous and energetic citizens to where these advantages do exist, taking money and enterprise away. Life on a farm as a result of "bottomless roads" often becomes isolated, and barren of social enjoyments and pleasures, having a great tendency to check ambition, weaken energy and paralyze industry.

Henry Price, of Walnut Grove, went to Louisville last week, where he bought a boiler and engine for the Riddle & Price Roller Mills, at Walnut Grove. He was accompanied by W. F. Lee as an inspector.

Frank Cummins died Monday morning at 5 o'clock, of consumption. He was taken to the Lexington Asylum last fall and brought back a few days ago, having taken that disease in the Asylum. He was buried in Providence cemetery Tuesday evening.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve, E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make a salve from witch hazel, that is a specific for piles. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ash for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by Chas. C. Davis, druggist.

POPE SAYS HE IS NOT SUPER-STITIOUS.

The rumor of the death of the Pope which was circulated in Madrid, having come to the ears of the Pontiff, his holiness exclaimed to a friend:

"What, already? Leo was left in peace for five years after his election, while with me these rumors have begun at the end of only a few months. It may be a good thing to look at this from a superstitious standpoint, but I am quite the other way and think it may even prolong my life."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Olene & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine.

Daughter—Yes he sent the latest popular songs, just as advertised, but they were only the words.

No music at all. I can read them, of course, but I can't sing them.

Old Man—My dear, that man is not a swindler. He is a philanthropist.

The bones of a man eleven feet in height were unearthed in Nevada.

A Virginia woman is the mother of 13 sons, all weighing more than 180 pounds each.

LEVEL GREEN

(Good Roads No. 1.)

In my last letter to the SIGNAL I promised your readers to begin with this issue a series of articles on the road question. I will say that I don't want to become monotonous, neither do I wish to be called a "crank," but I want to proclaim the "words of truth and soberness" to honest thinking minds (i.e.) I want to sow some "good road" seed upon the soil, so that in due time we may reap an abundant harvest. Now friends, brothers, countrymen, you will all admit without argument, that the roads of Rockcastle are not only bad but very bad in some places almost impossible for wagons or even any mode of travel. You must admit that "bad roads" constitute the greatest drawback to country life, you will admit that the farmers constitute the "bone and sinew of Rockcastle, and that for the lack of good roads they suffer more than any other class." It is unnecessary therefore for us to discuss now the benefits to be derived from good roads as all are so familiar with the other kind that that part of the matter argues its own side.

Suffice it now to say, that those localities where good roads have been built are becoming richer, more prosperous and more thickly settled, while those which do not possess these advantages are either at a stand still or are becoming poorer and more thinly settled driving our most prosperous and energetic citizens to where these advantages do exist, taking money and enterprise away. Life on a farm as a result of "bottomless roads" often becomes isolated, and barren of social enjoyments and pleasures, having a great tendency to check ambition, weaken energy and paralyze industry.

Henry Price, of Walnut Grove, went to Louisville last week, where he bought a boiler and engine for the Riddle & Price Roller Mills, at Walnut Grove. He was accompanied by W. F. Lee as an inspector.

Frank Cummins died Monday morning at 5 o'clock, of consumption. He was taken to the Lexington Asylum last fall and brought back a few days ago, having taken that disease in the Asylum. He was buried in Providence cemetery Tuesday evening.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve, E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make a salve from witch hazel, that is a specific for piles. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ash for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by Chas. C. Davis, druggist.

POPE SAYS HE IS NOT SUPER-STITIOUS.

The rumor of the death of the Pope which was circulated in Madrid, having come to the ears of the Pontiff, his holiness exclaimed to a friend:

"What, already? Leo was left in peace for five years after his election, while with me these rumors have begun at the end of only a few months. It may be a good thing to look at this from a superstitious standpoint, but I am quite the other way and think it may even prolong my life."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Olene & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine.

Daughter—Yes he sent the latest popular songs, just as advertised, but they were only the words.

No music at all. I can read them, of course, but I can't sing them.

Old Man—My dear, that man is not a swindler. He is a philanthropist.

The bones of a man eleven feet in height were unearthed in Nevada.

A Virginia woman is the mother of 13 sons, all weighing more than 180 pounds each.

LEVEL GREEN

(Good Roads No. 1.)

In my last letter to the SIGNAL I promised your readers to begin with this issue a series of articles on the road question. I will say that I don't want to become monotonous, neither do I wish to be called a "crank," but I want to proclaim the "words of truth and soberness" to honest thinking minds (i.e.) I want to sow some "good road" seed upon the soil, so that in due time we may reap an abundant harvest. Now friends, brothers, countrymen, you will all admit without argument, that the roads of Rockcastle are not only bad but very bad in some places almost impossible for wagons or even any mode of travel. You must admit that "bad roads" constitute the greatest drawback to country life, you will admit that the farmers constitute the "bone and sinew of Rockcastle, and that for the lack of good roads they suffer more than any other class." It is unnecessary therefore for us to discuss now the benefits to be derived from good roads as all are so familiar with the other kind that that part of the matter argues its own side.

Suffice it now to say, that those localities where good roads have been built are becoming richer, more prosperous and more thickly settled, while those which do not possess these advantages are either at a stand still or are becoming poorer and more thinly settled driving our most prosperous and energetic citizens to where these advantages do exist, taking money and enterprise away. Life on a farm as a result of "bottomless roads" often becomes isolated, and barren of social enjoyments and pleasures, having a great tendency to check ambition, weaken energy and paralyze industry.

Henry Price, of Walnut Grove, went to Louisville last week, where he bought a boiler and engine for the Riddle & Price Roller Mills, at Walnut Grove. He was accompanied by W. F. Lee as an inspector.

Frank Cummins died Monday morning at 5 o'clock, of consumption. He was taken to the Lexington Asylum last fall and brought back a few days ago, having taken that disease in the Asylum. He was buried in Providence cemetery Tuesday evening.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve, E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make a salve from witch hazel, that is a specific for piles. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ash for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by Chas. C. Davis, druggist.

POPE SAYS HE IS NOT SUPER-STITIOUS.

The rumor of the death of the Pope which was circulated in Madrid, having come to the ears of the Pontiff, his holiness exclaimed to a friend:

"What, already? Leo was left in peace for five years after his election, while with me these rumors have begun at the end of only a few months. It may be a good thing to look at this from a superstitious standpoint, but I am quite the other way and think it may even prolong my life."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Olene & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine.

Daughter—Yes he sent the latest popular songs, just as advertised, but they were only the words.

No music at all. I can read them, of course, but I can't sing them.

Old Man—My dear, that man is not a swindler. He is a philanthropist.

The bones of a man eleven feet in height were unearthed in Nevada.

A Virginia woman is the mother of 13 sons, all weighing more than 180 pounds each.

LEVEL GREEN

(Good Roads No. 1.)

In my last letter to the SIGNAL I promised your readers to begin with this issue a series of articles on the road question. I will say that I don't want to become monotonous, neither do I wish to be called a "crank," but I want to proclaim the "words of truth and soberness" to honest thinking minds (i.e.) I want to sow some "good road" seed upon the soil, so that in due time we may reap an abundant harvest. Now friends, brothers, countrymen, you will all admit without argument, that the roads of Rockcastle are not only bad but very bad in some places almost impossible for wagons or even any mode of travel. You must admit that "bad roads" constitute the greatest drawback to country life, you will admit that the farmers constitute the "bone and sinew of Rockcastle, and that for the lack of good roads they suffer more than any other class." It is unnecessary therefore for us to discuss now the benefits to be derived from good roads as all are so familiar with the other kind that that part of the matter argues its own side.

Suffice it now to say, that those localities where good roads have been built are becoming richer, more prosperous and more thickly settled, while those which do not possess these advantages are either at a stand still or are becoming poorer and more thinly settled driving our most prosperous and energetic citizens to where these advantages do exist, taking money and enterprise away. Life on a farm as a result of "bottomless roads" often becomes isolated, and barren of social enjoyments and pleasures, having a great tendency to check ambition, weaken energy and paralyze industry.

Henry Price, of Walnut Grove, went to Louisville last week, where he bought a

MT VERNON SIGNAL

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1904.

Published every Friday by
EDGAR S. ALBRIGHT.

SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR \$1.00

Advertising rates made known on
application

HON. D. L. MOORE.

Of Mercer county, is a candidate for Congress in the Eighth district, to succeed Hon. G. G. Gilbert, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Your support is earnestly solicited.

The Interior Journal has the following to say about the pauper counties:

"It is more than likely that frauds have been committed on the State treasury by rascals and moral thieves in criminal prosecutions.

Slip-shod county attorneys and attorneys for the Commonwealth and ignorant or conniving trustees of the jury fund have suffered witnesses to be summoned for the Commonwealth, who were wholly ignorant of any fact, solely for the purpose of getting the fee. Dogs

have been killed in the presence of a large number of witnesses and the slayer has been arrested and tried for killing John Smith, the unfortunate name of the deceased canine, and the witnesses have all claimed and been paid their attendance.

Conspicuous and farcical

frauds of this kind are picked out,

and because they occurred in mountain counties, many very poor people,

reasoning in the most illogical

way, begin to abuse what they call pauper counties. A man who once

starts on a fallacious line never

stops until he lands in a lunatic asylum, unless by the grace of God, he

violently butts up against some im-

pregnable fact that even a fool can't

get over or around. A fraud is

committed in a mountain county; a

mountain county is a pauper county;

a pauper county is something

that takes more out of the State

treasury than it puts in; ergo, a

mountain county is no help to the

State; make it pay its own way or

get out to itself. This is a fair

sample of the course of reasoning.

Many of us, perhaps some of the

best of us, have gotten to be money

idolaters. We estimate a man by

his wealth. Money can buy a title

in any monarchy on earth. Money

can buy respectability in any Re-

public on earth. The first question

asked when a neighbor dies is did

he leave a will? How much was

he worth? Is it in bank stock or

cash notes?

Our mountain people are here.

They are of the same blood and

breed that we are. They worship

the same God. They have the

same history that we have and cher-

ish the same hopes and aspirations

that we do. The accidental cir-

cumstances of thinner soil and bad

roads have made them poorer, not

worse than we. They commit their

open crimes; we practice our subtle

frauds. They kill an enemy; we

swindle a neighbor. In dispensing

hospitality, as John Fox puts it,

they give 'durn high all' their

tatters to the stranger; and we take

durn high all the tatters a stranger

has.

Some day and may be some

day soon, the tables may be turned.

The mountains are coming. They

are coming in greater power and

wealth. The doors of the inner

chambers, where untold treasure

has long been buried, are be-

ing hammered down. We will

then be proud of our mountain

cousins. We will go to see them,

glad to be invited to take off our

hats and bonnets and stay all day.

We will trace kinship that we never

thought of before. Today the proudest

Baron in England is he

who can trace his blood to William

the Conqueror, a bastard, a thief, a

perjurer, a robber, a rapist, a mur-

derer and assassin—what will we

care when they get rich whether

our mountain people live in pauper

counties or in Goshen. When

they come to their own, what will

we care whether they rascalled the

State out of a few dollars' witness

fees, or get rich, like our present

corps of millionaires, by robbing

the people! When they get rich

they are our long lost half brothers

with a strawberry mark on his left

arm.

In a letter to Speaker Eli H. Brown, which was read to the House Monday, Gov. Beckham replied to the attack made upon him in the Senate last Thursday by Senator J. Campbell Cantrell. In this letter Gov. Beckham says he is not a candidate for United States Senator and will not be a candidate for that office before the next Legislature. Notoriety, Senator Cantrell wanted and a personal attack on the Governor seemed the only way to him to get it. There must always be a black sheep, and Cantrell is "it."

The man, who has more politics than brains, is to be pitted rather than censured, because of the fact that the Lord has created him such a weak, dependent, despicable creature.

SCRAPS O— (BY JET)

Children love play, grown folks display.

Automobilist—Say, where can I get some repairs made? I've met with an accident.

Farmer—What d'ye want—a machine shop or hospital?

"I hear you are making lots of money."

"My dear fellow, I lead a regular hand to mouth existence."

"You don't say so? What are you doing?"

"Practicing dentistry."

She—And are you really so much better since you returned from your trip abroad?

He—Yes, indeed. I'm quite another man, I assure you.

She—Well, I'm sure all your friends will be delighted to hear it.

Mistress—Whatever have you done with the cold meat, Jane?

Jane—Well, mom, yes told me as how whin the man from the "Hot-tent Blanket Fund" called again I should give him the cold shoulder. So I just wrapped it up and give it to him.

Teacher—After all the trouble I have taken, you are most imperfect in your lesson. Surely you could not have found it so hard to learn!"

Pupil—It wasn't because it was so hard to learn, teacher, but it was so easy to forget!"

A little three year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was?

"A cricket, dear," replied the mother.

"Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."

If Johnny Jones has seven dogs,

And every dog is white;

And 14 cats come chasing 'round—

Each one as black as night;

And each two cats have 18 lives

Less three destroyed by rats—

How many lives must 3 dogs take

Before they kill eight cats?

"I've got a job now," said the first rat.

"That so?" replied the other.

What are you doing?"

"I'm working down at the creamery

making holes in Schweitzer

cheese and taking lard out the bung

holes of kegs with a twist of the tail."

Where Eliza was Struck—Some

careless boy or girl threw an apple

out of one of the windows of the

photograph gallery while the high

school was being taken Friday and

struck Eliza Harum just west of

the drugstore, inflicting a large

bruise—Medley cor. Mountain

Echo.

Grandmother gave Nannie and

Ernest an orange. "I wish there

were two; but, if you divide this

one," she said, "each of you will

get a taste." As Nannie took the

fruit-knife from the table, Ernest

remarked anxiously, "If one of us

should sacrifice, I would get two

tastes."

Here is the germ of something

that seems funny. One can see the

woman, but there is some dispute

in this office over the kind of a case

in which she is. Some say it is a

suit case, others a burial case.

Among the solutions suggested are

a beer case and snuffcase. Take

your choice.

"Yaas, sah. De ting what dis

each country needs is moose prisons,

sah—moose prisons."

"Why, Uncle Nod, there are

plenty of prisons. Every State has

its penitentiary and—"

"Oh, yaas, sah. I know erabout

de pennytenchures. Dey's penny

tenchures enough, but de penny

teachure is chock full of penny

rascals, an' de thousand-dollar rascals

caint git in, sah. What dis eah

country needs is some million-dollar

tenchures, an' it needs 'em

mighty bad."

A small, five-year-old boy, who

had recently become the brother of

another little boy, was sent to the

grocery the other day to get some

loaf sugar. By mistake the grocer

gave him granulated, and the boy

was sent back to have it changed.

"How

MT VERNON SIGNAL

MT VERNON, KY., JAN. 22, 1904

79 Call up "No. 29" when you want to communicate with SIGNAL



Louisville & Nashville R.R. Co.

TIME TABLE

24 north 12:06 p m
26 north 1:37 a m
23 south 1:29 p m
25 South 1:13 a m

JAS. LANDRUM, Agent.

Phone No. 58.

Scattered at the Mt. Vernon, Ky., Post-office as second-class mail matter

PERSONAL

Mrs. R. B. Mullins has been sick this week.

Capt. A. N. Bentley was up from Livingston yesterday.

Miss Ellen Butner is visiting relatives in Brodhead.

Mrs. Sue Mullins was here between trains Tuesday.

Reuben Mullins has returned from a trip to Harlan.

Oscar Bryant has been working nights at East Bernstadt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Abrams were here from Clima, Tuesday.

Dee Bryant and family are visiting relatives near Level Green.

Alex Wells has moved to the Albright farm, near Freedom church.

Miss Sadie Martin was one of the new additions to the college Monday.

Mrs. W. L. Richards was taken very sick Wednesday but is better at this time.

W. S. Cummins and family left Tuesday for Bucklin, Kans., where he will locate.

Will Fish has recovered from the measles and will return to Lexington to school Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Brannaman were in from Wilder Monday having some dentistry done.

The wife of A. W. Huggins, the printer, died at London Sunday morning. Mr. Huggins used to work here.

Elza Mason, the boy who is making his home at C. C. Williams', is very sick and it is feared that he is going into consumption.

Mr. D. N. Williams is spending this week on the waters of "Rind Stine" making a general survey of a large boundary of timber.

Granville Adams, our section foreman, has been suffering for several days with something like a paralytic stroke. He is in a very serious condition.

App Taylor was down from Hazel Patch Sunday to see his brother, Tom, who is very sick with fever but much improved over last week's condition.

Mr. Bynum Carter, one of the good citizens and splendid business men of Garrard county, was here Wednesday looking after some important business matters.

Lee Chestnut has gone to Louisville to study medicine. Lee is one of our most deserving young men, and we hope that he will make a great success in his chosen profession.

Judge M. L. Jarvis is to become a citizen of Williamsburg. He has bought the beautiful residence from J. L. Manning on Ridge Avenue and will occupy it. The Judge recognizes the great educational advantages of our town and is coming here for the purpose of educating his children. —Times.

C. C. Owens when a small chap of three years, living with his parents at toll gate on "Wilderness Turnpike" two miles this side of Livingston had a hog drover to nickname him "sapsucker" for his proclivities in climbing up and down bed posts, falling over chairs, pots, pans and kettles. Ever since that time he has been known as "Sap" Owens.

LOCAL

The Signal has just printed new directory for Mt. Vernon and Livingston exchanges.

Charley Martin and Miss Martha Long eloped to Jellico a few nights ago and were married.

There will be an old fiddler's contest in the Court House, here on Monday night, February 8th. This will be the first day of court and there will be some ten or twelve old fiddlers enter the contest.

Hud Lear was tried for lunacy Monday. He has been sent to the asylum two or three times already.

The birth day of Gen. Robert E. Lee was appropriately observed in many places throughout the states Tuesday.

Capt. L. C. Smith, general manager for the Cranor-Smith Lumber Co., has opened an office in the old brick hotel.

A. G. and J. M. Craig bought of Andrew Owens one gildon for \$85 and sold to Brooks and Easley, of Garrard three horses and mules at fair prices.

On the half dozen or more hand-some calendars, which we have received, none compare with the one presented by Miss Ellen Butner, agent for The Equitable Life Insurance Co.

Rev. Green Fish and Marshall Smith are preparing to open a store at the J. W. Parson's property, about mid-way between here and Wildie. The style of the firm will be Fish & Smith.

The L. & N. will sell tickets February 9th to 16th, to Mobile, Ala., for \$18.00 round trip; to New Orleans, \$19.70 and to Pensacola, Fla., \$18.00, good returning Feb. 20th, account of the Mardi Gras.

NOTICE — All parties owing us will please call in at once and settle same. We wish to close last year's business.

Respectfully,

HOPE & ADAMS,

Mt. Vernon, Ky.

FOR SALE.—One dozen iron beds and springs. Bed and springs only \$4.50, almost new; also about twenty comforts made from good material. Price 50 and 65 cents.

MRS. WILLIS ADAMS.

SPRING SCHOOL.—Miss Helen Thurman will open a spring school at Brodhead on Monday Feb. 1st. The patronage of the citizens of Brodhead and vicinity is most respectfully solicited.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Mudd will leave this week for their new home in Louisville.

E. Chewing and family will move from the country and occupy their old home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Browning will occupy the Magee property vacated by the Mudd family.

Mesdames John A. Mullins and Ed Woodall, who have been very low with fever, are now convalescent.

John McFerron, of Pine Hill, was in town Wednesday enroute to Lexington, where he will attend State College.

The young ladies of the Christian church will give an entertainment, February 22nd, for the benefit of the church.

Mrs. Dee Bryant and children are at Level Green, on account of the condition of Mrs. Bryant's father, Martin DeBord.

Mesdames F. P. Gates, W. F. Tubbs, J. R. Stuckey, Ed Sprout and Fullen Francisco, have been very sick this week.

Raymond Mullins, who has been with his sister, Mrs. Geo. Reynolds, under the doctor's care, will return to Brush Creek, Saturday.

Mrs. Susie Ricard, of Niagara Falls, Parrot Nash, of Langford and James Jordan, Jr., of Valley View, have returned home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reynolds.

Dr. Sprowl and son, Everett Sprowl, and Mrs. Will Gentry and Mrs. Sullivan, of Williamsburg, and Tom and Will Francisco, of Brodhead, are here on account of the serious condition of Mrs. Ed Sprowl at the Eight Gables.

Mrs. Will Owens died Thursday morning, Jan. 21st, 1904, of consumption. Mrs. Owens was a member of the Christian Church and was a good Christian woman and a good mother. She leaves a husband and four small children to mourn her loss.

Rev. P. A. Gillam, of Lexington, will hold services at the Christian church Saturday evening and Sunday morning and evening. The church has employed the Rev. Gillam for the year 1904, and there will be services every fourth Saturday and Sunday of the month. Everybody cordially invited.

Edgar Hayes and Miss Clara Griffin were married at Jellico Thursday morning. They returned here Friday and will leave for their future home at Cincinnati, Monday. Mr. Hayes is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Brack Hayes and is a noble young man. Mrs. Hayes is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Griffin. She is a lovely and accomplished woman, loved by every one, and the groom is to be congratulated on his choice of a helpmeet through life. Their legion of friends join in wishing them a long life of happiness and joy.

There will be an open session of the Senate held in the college chapel next Thursday night. All cordially invited to come.

Our Representative, W. A. B.

has introduced a bill making it a

misdeameanor to sell toy pistols.

This would be a splendid law upon

our statute books and we hope Mr.

Davis will be successful in putting

his bill through. Many a boy has

been taught to carry pistols, simply

by having a toy one when scarcely

large enough to walk, and when

grown up, they want a real pistol.

What a serious mistake it is for

parents to buy such toys for their

children.

LIVINGSTON

Mrs. Jacob Sambrook is visiting relatives in Cincinnati.

John Magee, of Lancaster was in

town Monday and Tuesday.

Andy Howell and Walter Hunt

are in Louisville, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathe McWhorter

are visiting in Jackson county.

Mrs. E. Fishback and son, Ben,

are visiting relatives in Falmouth.

Miss Mattie McFerron made a

flyng visit to Mt. Vernon, Monday.

John R. Carter is visiting relatives this week in Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. E. Wilmot and daughter, of

Brodhead, are visiting Mrs. Walter

Miller.

W. C. Swinford, of Brodhead,

has charge of the W. C. Mullins

barber shop.

E. E. Brewer, of Nashville, Tenn.,

is the guest of his daughter, Mrs.

Jno. R. Carter.

Mrs. Sue Mullins, Mrs. Cal. Muni-

lins and Mrs. Poynter were in Mt.

Vernon Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Mudd

will leave this week for their new

home in Louisville.

E. chewing and family will

move from the country and occupy

their old home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Browning

will occupy the Magee property

vacated by the Mudd family.

Mesdames John A. Mullins and

Ed Woodall, who have been very

low with fever, are now convales-

cent.

John McFerron, of Pine Hill,

was in town Wednesday enroute to

Lexington, where he will attend

State College.

The young ladies of the Christi-

an church will give an entertain-

ment, February 22nd, for the bene-

fit of the church.

Mrs. Dee Bryant and children are

at Level Green, on account of the

condition of Mrs. Bryant's father,

Martin DeBord.

Mesdames F. P. Gates, W. F.

Tubbs, J. R. Stuckey, Ed Sprout

and Fullen Francisco, have been

very sick this week.

Raymond Mullins, who has been

with his sister, Mrs. Geo. Reynolds,

under the doctor's care, will return

to Brush Creek, Saturday.

Mrs. Susie Ricard, of Niagara

Falls, Parrot Nash, of Langford

and James Jordan, Jr., of Valley

View, have returned home after a

visit with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reynolds.

Dr. Sprowl and son, Everett Sprowl,

and Mrs. Will Gentry and Mrs.

Sullivan, of Williamsburg, and

Tom and Will Francisco, of Brod-

head, are here on account of the

serious condition of Mrs. Ed Sprowl

at the Eight Gables.

From the following which ap-

peared in a recent issue of Jess-

amine Journal, one would infer that

"Brer" McCarty or some of his

immediate friends had been suffer-

ing a hardship at the hands of some

of his or their city friends:

The Lieutenant's Christmas Box

By F. B. REID.

(Copyright, 1882, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)

MISS FELICIA DE SMYTHE was a lady on the upper crust of San Francisco society. Her claim to social eminence could not be disputed, for the De Smythe family tree was traceable as far back as 1849, and Felicia herself was heiress to an immense fortune, the foundation of which had been laid by De Smythe's parents many years previous to his daughter's brilliant debut. By a shrewd financial stroke, he had cornered the soap market at a period when saponaceous and other commodities were shipped thither around the Horn, and he had sold at a tremendous profit. The absence of soap had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

Felicia's formal entrance to society had been made via the shrimp-pink tea route. The list of her accomplishments was appalling. She had spent three whole years in a seminary, three whole months abroad, had acquired a bairnly distincion air, and, through persistent absorption of codliver oil, a lissome figure which was always faultlessly powdered by Mrs. Vere de Vere, the French modiste. She entertained extensively at the De Smythe mansion in town, their villa at Belvedere and their bungalow at Burlingame. Suitors prostrated themselves vainly before her. It was destined that not until America warred with Spain that Felicia's heart was thrilled by love.

It happened on the arrival of the Ninety-ninth Tennessee volunteers. Curiosity had taken her, with her chaperone, to the Red Cross rooms at the Ferry building. She dropped her handkerchief. It was picked up by a very good looking young Lieutenant and handed to her. She bowed her thanks. The officer lifted his hat. Felicia smiled faintly—blue blood may be kinder to a soldier than a civilian, especially if he be shoulder-strapped. Again the Lieutenant bowed, then moved away.

"How nice of him now to presume!" thought Felicia. "He certainly showed the refinement of a gentleman and a thoroughbred. Instead of speaking, he contented himself with silent admiration."

As a matter of fact, the Lieutenant had just bitten off the half of a large cheese sandwich and couldn't have uttered a syllable to save his life. The Ninety-ninth Tennesseans went into camp. Felicia, a day or so later, ordered the coachman to drive to the Presidio. When she had located the Lieutenant she graciously asked him if the men of his company needed any assistance. If so—she indicated her purse with a daintily gloved hand. Conversation after that did not languish. Felicia found army life quite interesting. She brought Papa De Smythe with her the next time and he invited the good looking young volunteer to call.

Another fortnight and Lieutenant Boggs, of company Z, Ninety-ninth Tennessee, U. S. V., was also a flake on the upper crust of San Francisco society and his handsome form was seen at all elite functions.

"To think that you are going to live among those dreadful Filipinos and in a climate that is a continual Hamman bath!" gurgled Felicia with a burst of tears that took the starch out of the Lieutenant's collar and reddened her nose unbecomingly. "What a shame you can't dine with us on Christmas day! But never mind—I'll send you the biggest Christmas box that I can find with a delightful surprise in it and lots of good things!"

"You are such a good thing yourself," murmured the Lieutenant, indistinctly. "What was that?" interrogated Felicia, anxiously.

"I was saying that you are the dearest angel in all this world, my love," replied Boggs, finally.

"Oh, that is a very sweeping assertion," she protested, coyly.

The young officer shuddered convulsively.

"Don't, Felicia, don't. I beg of you, ever use that expression again," he implored. "It is peculiarly obnoxious to me. I really cannot bear to hear it from your lips."

BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH

Henry D. Baldwin, Supt. City Water Works, Shullsburg, Wis., writes: "I have tried many kinds of liniment, but have never received much benefit until I used Ballard's Snow Liniment for rheumatism and pains. I think it the best liniment on earth." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle at Chas. C. Davis' drugstore.

DOMESTIC TROUBLE

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in stomach and liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure 25c at all druggists.

"Why, dearest," questioned Felicia with jealous forebodings. Was it possible that her Lieutenant had a past that he had ever loved another, and her words recalled painful memories? He did not explain the cause of his agitation and the agony of parting temporarily erased it from Felicia's mind.

In another hour the noble transport Sardinebox had ridden the blige water bay tide in safety and turned her nose eagerly toward the pure ozone outside the Golden Gate.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapjacks and an occasional rasher of bacon. Nor was that all. The grocery lady had

damaging documentary evidence up her sleeve in the shape of a letter of thanks over the De Smythe's signature (minus the family crest, now conspicuous on their stationery) for the former's patronage. But this proved a mere ripple on the surface of the De Smythes' tidal wave of social success. Shortly after the grocery bore a "To let" sign and its occupants wended back to the Fatherland, where they blotted a legacy had been left them. The base theory, however, that they were bought off has, strange to say, its adherents to this day.

The Lieutenant's Christmas box was packed, sealed carefully, labeled in gold letters, and delivered at the quartermaster's depot for shipment to Manila. In size it eclipsed all its companions. Even the colonel of the regiment would be the recipient of no such testimonial from American shores. It towered impressively above everything else in the box line, and required the brawn of three expressmen to dump it from the wagon. Its contents would have stocked a delicacy store.

Stowed away amid this assortment had not embarrassed the population in the least, so far as its abusions were concerned, but soap was a necessity for miners' jeans and flannel shirts and so De Smythe wisely held onto the cargo until he got his own price for it. Unlike sundry other San Francisco millionaires, it could, therefore, truthfully be said of him that he had made his money in a nice clean way.

It was but natural that the envious, malicious tongue of scandal should wag where so much wealth and aristocracy were concerned. A corner grocer's wife to whom De Smythe's name had given the cut direct one afternoon in the park from the height of her carriage and through the lorgnette's glassy eye, had meanly rallied—such is the Petty vindictiveness of some natures—by declaring that the De Smythes went flat broke upon their arrival in California and Mrs. De Smythe had taken in plain sewing to help supply the larder with beans, flapj